

Strangest Things by VonSchweetz

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven & Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Eleven isn't really gone, she's just watching. And when the time comes, she'll be there for him. But until then, all she can do is wait. Mike can't sleep, Will can't sleep, Hopper can't sleep. It's only a matter of time until things take a turn for the worst. - A full length novel in progress, MikexEleven.

Strangest Things

It's been a few years since I've posted on here, and even longer since I've written something, but after watching this Show I've decided that It's time to open up Microsoft Word again. This is a fanfiction I'm still planning out, however it'll take place in two parts, with a break between, with each Part containing

Ten chapters, each one being about 2,000-3,000 words, with updates being weekly or bi-weekly.

As a slight spoiler, here are the names of the upcoming ten chapters.

Darkness (Prologue)

The Hope

The Confusion

The Fight

The Memories

The Love

The Fright

The Storm

The Promise

The Eleventh Hour

The Forgotten

ElleXMike

Strangest Things Part I

Darkness (Prologue)

The world trembled, and he was thrown backwards, his head crashing violently into the worktop. It was happening again. Mike could see her, she was standing right there, just an arm's reach from him, but he couldn't move; couldn't shout. It was pointless, but it didn't stop him trying. Lights were flickering all around him, flashes illuminating the darkness, but... She just kept walking away from him, for what seemed like an absolute eternity. But then she turned her head, – she looked at him right in the eyes, and uttered a single word.

“Goodbye Mike.”

And then she shattered, into a million different pieces, and in that second he could move again. He ran, as fast as his legs could carry

him. But it was too late. Eleven was gone.

*

Mike jolted awake. His cold sweat soaking his pyjamas. He shouted out in anger. He was sick of feeling this helpless, he couldn't save her, he couldn't do anything! It took a few minutes for him to catch his breath before he realized that he hadn't even made it up to his room tonight. Looking around, it soon became evident that he'd fallen asleep in Elle's makeshift fort.

He kicked his foot against the floor in frustration, covering his head with his hands, letting out a small sob. Why was this happening? Why couldn't he just get over her? Even when Will had disappeared he hadn't felt like this. Sure, he was upset, but... This was something different. There had to be a reason his Mother and Father hadn't even asked him why he refused to take the Fort down, and why when he wasn't with his friends he spent every other moment sitting in there, sometimes in total silence, sometimes talking to himself, hoping she could hear.

His friends had hoped that time would heal him, and it did for the most part. But only at a glance, to everyone but those closest to him. You had to look really hard to know he was hurting. At school things were the same as always, except those Mouth Breathers left him and his friends alone now, Eleven had really showed them who was boss. Life had returned to normality, it was almost as if nothing had ever happened. This little fort, down in his basement, was the only sign anything had ever happened. It was his shrine to her, the only proof she ever existed.

Mike picked himself up from the floor, and stepped out of the Fort that once gave him so many happy memories. He slowly started walking upstairs, his sadness evident with every step, when he turned back to glance at his shrine just one more time before bed, just hoping that she'd be in there, looking back at him.

But nothing was there. She wasn't looking back at him, and with a sigh he slowly took off to his bedroom. Half hoping he wouldn't have that dream again, but the other half desperately wishing he would, if

only to see her face again.

*

Mike wasn't the only one suffering nightmares. Will hadn't had a full night's sleep since he returned from the other side. But unlike Mike, no one knew what was happening to him, and he sure as hell wasn't going to tell anyone. He couldn't, wouldn't, because he knew he'd be taken away somewhere else, he'd lose his family, his friends, everything he'd hoped and wished for when he was there. Gone without a trace.

Every time he closed his eyes he saw that creature, the Demagorgan, as he and his friends called it, prowling in front of him, crouching, snarling, ready for attack. He saw the bleak world around him. His bedroom where he'd been seconds before would transform into its alternate dark version, swarming with darkness. He'd scream, cry... even sing, to try to wake himself back up, and nothing worked. It sometimes felt like this was the real world, and his home, with his friends, his mom, his brother, was the alternate reality. Sometimes when he slept he'd wake up there, but instead of being scared, it seemed okay. A girl there would just hold his hand and tell him everything was okay, that he was safe, and that he'd be alright.

And then he'd wake up, and he was free once again. He knew he had to keep his silence, as much as it hurt. It was better this way. Sometimes after he'd wake up, he'd notice his Mom and Jonathan looking at him differently, but the moment would pass and everything would just return to normal.

Every morning he'd just jump in the shower, trying not to blink, trying not to think, just trying to be as normal as can be. He'd go to school, keep his grades up, and try not to worry. But something wasn't right, something was coming, and Will wasn't sure he could stop it.

His only slight escape from the darkness that was slowly enveloping him was Dungeons and Dragons with his friends. A glimmer of hope, a glimmer of something better. Something to take his mind off of things.

*

Harper pulled into his Patrol car carrying the Eggos as he had for the past few months. This was his ritual, his purpose now. No one else knew about this, and he wasn't about to tell anyone about it. These little snacks he left in that box were his way of knowing she was okay. It was his fault this happened, if he hadn't have given out the location that poor girl might still be with them today. Instead she was god-knows-where, probably in that horrible void, all alone, or worse. But this was all he could do. Give her food, little objects, try to keep her safe, even from this side.

As he opened the box, filled it with treats, and closed it, he felt a sense of pride and a mix of sadness. He stood there for a moment, before pulling out his cigarette, lighting it and returning to his car. His radio burst into life, filling the forest with a quiet lullaby of tunes.

The world slowly twisted, the music crawling into a silent whisper, it was then that Eleven smiled.